

AN EVOLVING NATURE

*A metaphysical
journey through
the doors of
time,
and an
encounter of a
most 'unearthly'
kind.*

Extracted from the book
JOURNEY INTO ONENESS
by Michael J. Roads, © 1994
PO Box 778
Nambour Qld 4560, Australia
Phone: (074) 42 1995

I faced a perfect globe, maybe a yard in diameter; it was transparent and filled with a colourless liquid gas. Suspended in the liquid was what appeared to be a plant, but what a plant! It was a fist-sized bulb, capped with a foliage of iridescent, moving shards of light. It was a Being of ethereal beauty; but far more than that, it was intelligent! "You are so wonderful." My silent projection of admiration came from me unwittingly.

"I am a Wonder-Neap. That is the closest translation possible. Would you like to journey with me?"

"I have dreamt about you so many times that I feel I know you. Each time I feel an incredible connection, but as I reach out to touch you, invariably I wake up."

"Or perhaps you fall asleep! Would you like to journey with me?"

"I would consider it a privilege."

The Wonder-Neap's foliage waved delicately in the liquid, while prisms of rainbow light danced within the globe. I had the sudden insight that this rainbow light was food for the wondrous plant, and that it was self-perpetuating in some form of natural, symbiotic relationship.

"You have dreamt of wanting to touch me, and you may now do so. But first, I will touch you."

For a brief moment, the Wonder-Neap opened its consciousness, metaphysically touching me, and an incredible wave of transcendent intelligence engulfed me. It was so far beyond my human experience that I was dazed, but any vague remnants in my conditioning that conferred intelligence to people and none to plants was totally annihilated.

In turn, I reached out my hand and touched the Wonder-Neap, and...

...everything changed, even the familiar Earth of my normal reality. As I gazed around, I realised that this was a very early era on a much younger Earth. Great swamps covered the land, with only the hills and ridges above water. It was cool, with no tall vegetation to be seen. Large flat, soft-leaved plants grew in abundant profusion in the shallow water and mud—mud that continuously oozed and bubbled as gases formed and escaped. There were a few animals to be seen, but they were generally of a reptilian shape, yet they also had a fishy look about them. Most were able to move efficiently in the water and on the land. Some seemed to be all teeth, long, sharp and formidable, while others were adapted for eating the lush plants. I saw nothing that had a thick, scaly skin or armour plating, or even any sign that such would develop. The animals had some resemblance to how one might imagine land sharks—not crocodiles—with the same lack of a definite skeleton, limbs or bones.

I got so involved in my observation of this incredible prehistoric Nature that I committed a careless oversight. A nearby toothy predator had been sliding through the shallow water toward a rather large plant-eating species. When it made a final rush, the wicked needle-teeth sinking into the gulping beast, a rapid, slithering, sliding, rolling, biting, hissing, heaving mass of prehistoric flesh and fury engulfed me. I was flattened, smashed down into the water, while a rage of bestial ferocity pressed me deeper and deeper into the oozing mud.

For long, horrendous moments I choked and gasped, the mud and muck dominating all inner knowing. I was lost in panic when a huge, heavy cartilaginous tail smashed into my head, and I sank into oblivion.

I opened my eyes to a brilliant blue sky that has also become extinct on Earth. It

had a colour and clarity of unbelievable depth. The Wonder-Neap hovered nearby, and if it was in the least concerned, I felt nothing. It emitted no emotions, no humour, no concern, nothing, yet I knew that it cared.

"A good way to learn a lesson."

And it was succinct! "What happened? How?"

"You forgot you are not physical."

It was true. I had forgotten I was not physical. I had been so rapidly overwhelmed during the struggle that I had jerked back into old physical reactions of fear, and for a while, they became my reality. Once I blacked out, my meta-physical Self resolved it, all physical illusions ending. A bit like life, I thought reflectively.

"Exactly! Good lesson."

"Did you know that would happen?" I asked.

Without replying, the Wonder-Neap hovered close, and everything changed again.

This was Earth of a later prehistoric time frame, with a climate and vegetation that left me gasping. I have experienced high humidity in the tropics, but this was like being in a sauna. The air was saturated heat, while the vegetation was beyond a botanist's wildest dreams. Where I stood, the landscape was dominated by very large cycads, plants with dark, lush, green fernlike foliage. Huge primitive trees grew in scattered groups, but I do not know whether they were massive tree cycads, tree ferns, or some type of palm unknown to me. There was no grass, nor any flowering plants other than the cycads and club moss. This grew in a dense profusion, covering all the soil between and around the cycads. It was a lush, moist, verdant green. Physically, I would have had difficulty walking more than a few yards, so abundant was the vegetation.

Two other things that surprised me were the smell and the noise. The smell was astonishing. I could smell the wet soil

and rotting vegetation as a pungent, overpowering odour of humus and decay. I liked it. It was the smell of a raw and pure Nature. I can only liken the noise to the sound of crickets and cicadas, except it was far louder than any I have ever heard physically. Despite my efforts to detect just one culprit, it was lost in the overall cacophony of sound. The club moss seethed with huge millipedes, centipedes and other insect life, while the cycads seemed to house the insects responsible for the noise.

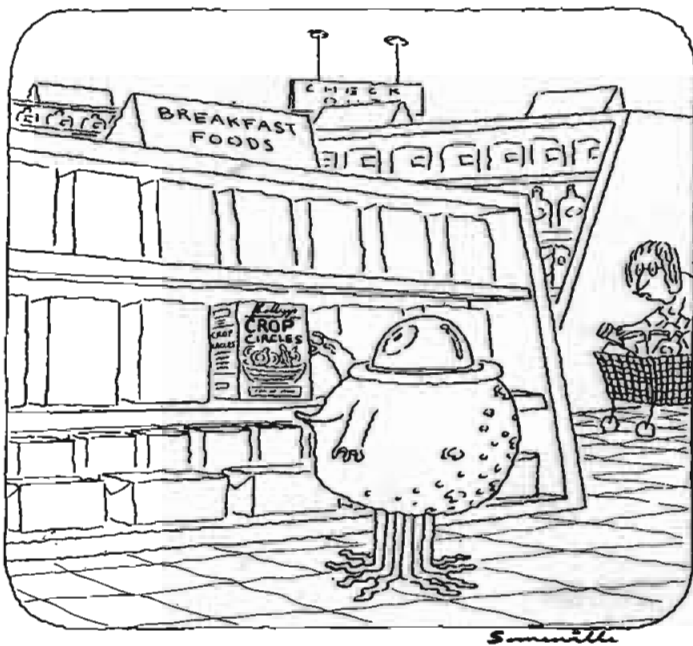
**"You are perfectly safe,"
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I was puzzled by its words
until I saw the dinosaur.**

The Wonder-Neap hovered close by, floating with all the ease and grace of a helium-filled balloon. "You are perfectly safe," it projected silently. I was puzzled by its words until I saw the dinosaur. There is no way to describe the impact of such an awesome creature. I have stood in zoos admiring the elephants, impressed by their size, power and majesty. But compared with what confronted me, an elephant had all the impact of a mouse. This creature towered above me. It seemed impossible

that it could have moved this close without my hearing it, despite the background orchestra. Even more than its size, the impact came from its colossal presence.

I stared in mute awe. Although I now felt safe in my meta-physical state, the memory of my recent episode compelled me to take a few hasty steps back. Even the Wonder-Neap, which, I suspect, perceived life in a way that was far superior to vision, projected a feeling of awe. I was very relieved that the dinosaur was plainly vegetarian. It opened a vast mouth and cropped those huge, tough, four-metre-high cycads as easily as a cow crops grass. The thought of a carnivorous behemoth that could eat this way made me shudder. At a guess, this creature could have looked into the window on the third floor of a house, and its neck was not all that long, compared to its body. It was not without defence, for it was armour-plated, with a huge, knobby swelling on the end of its tail that was a very effective club. One swipe with that would smash a car flat! Surprisingly, it moved with none of the crashing blunder that its massive size would suggest. It had a definite grace of movement, and it made no sound above the din in the background. As it grazed, it disturbed small reptilian creatures that darted from the undergrowth, running on their hind legs with remarkable agility and speed. None were longer than about two yards, with some considerably smaller, but all had a mouthful of sharp teeth. I looked at the Wonder-Neap, perplexed. As fantastic as all this was, I knew there had to be a purpose. What was it?

The Wonder-Neap was clearly attuned to my thoughts, for at that moment it came closer. The globe very gently touched my light-body head, and my visual perception expanded and changed. I could now see the consciousness of the dinosaur. This was a shock. For such an immense creature, its consciousness was quite small, as though it were a misfit. I perceived consciousness as a shroud of illumination, completely independent of the body but in juxtaposition to it. When, at that moment, a



few more of the small reptilian creatures ran from beneath the cycads, I was further surprised to see that their consciousness was far larger in proportion than that of their giant cousin.

"Consciousness draws to its Self form through which to express. When form can no longer extrapolate a greater physical potential, consciousness withdraws." The words were from the Wonder-Neap, and with them came understanding. The huge dinosaurs had grown progressively larger and larger over many millions of years, reaching their physical limit. As their physical bulk was becoming less and less appropriate for survival, consciousness was withdrawing from their vast bodies. The consciousness of the fast, agile reptilian creatures was still developing, as their potential grew and flourished. I was witnessing the evolution of consciousness through physical form.

Suddenly, everything went horribly wrong. A searing bolt of pure energy flashed past us, and I caught a glimpse of some small Grey Beings standing on a cluster of nearby rocks. My mind a whirl, I dived for cover. What was happening? Was I vulnerable in my non-physical body? How could other Beings be here in prehistoric times?

I looked around for the Wonder-Neap. An envelope of shimmering light emanated from the globe, but it seemed agitated. It zoomed around in erratic circles for a few moments, moving at terrific speed; then I heard its silent words, "I will get help, you can be hurt."

When it took off, it vanished in a flash of light. I crouched down, completely at a loss. Another lightning bolt of energy lanced past me, and ducking down in the undergrowth I quickly changed my location. Was I the target, or was I simply in the way? So far, all the Beings I had encountered were benevolent. Were these hostile?

My attitude changed, and I took action. How or whether I could be injured in my light-body I had no idea, but I was never good at being passive. I needed to act. I had to find out what was happening and why.

Running in a fast crouch, I circled the rocks, coming up behind them. There were four humanoid Grey Beings, each standing about four feet tall. They were stout and pudgy, with muddy grey skins and a drab grey uniform. They did not feel nice, yet neither did they feel dangerous. I instinctively knew that they intended no serious harm, but were more like a group of bully-boys, and I lost my residue of fear. Their posture indicated that they were obviously arrogant, as they stood openly on the rocks as though impervious to anything I might do.

My earlier increased perception came to my aid, for I knew that I could tune into them, intuiting their intent. I remained behind them, keeping hidden, while they still faced the area I had vacated. Clever they might be, but intelligent?

As I focused on them, tuning in, an inner knowing unfolded. Although I was witnessing a prehistoric period, the "Grey Ones" are still with humanity to this day. I could not say I felt they were bad, any more than humanity is good, but their intent toward us is not for our benefit. Their energy felt strongly negative and, with a faint shock, I realised that they were able to project this negativity at people who had a similar focus. A person who focused on personal power and the

manipulation of others was potential prey for the Grey Ones. They are attracted to such people, helping them to satisfy their desires while feeding off the resulting psychic negativity. They are not out to take control of our affairs, but to covertly influence us toward our basest and most negative desires.

The Grey Ones know that humans are truly Beings of Light. Their purpose seems to be to divert us from focusing on this truth, for when we focus on our Lightness, they are powerfully repelled. Their real strength is in projecting the illusions of gain to be found in power, manipulation and wealth. And humanity is an easy prey. However, just as the Grey Ones focus on the fear and negativity in humanity, so, too, that focus suppresses their own greater potential.

On impulse, I tried an experiment. As powerfully as I could, I visualised Light and Love encompassing them. The effect was startling. Within moments, they looked agitated and uncomfortable. I found it easy to do this, for I felt no enmity or anger toward them. I imagined Light in copious clouds illuminating the area around them, and their agitation became acute.

Within moments, they hurried to a small, silvery grey, disc-shaped craft, entered through a small opening that vanished when they were all in, and took off vertically. The craft disappeared with an instant, stupendous speed that reverberated with the crack of thunder.

Only as I stood alone, all action finished, did I begin to wonder about the Wonder-Neap. I realised that the Wonder-Neap could have taken me from any danger in an instant. I knew the Grey Ones were thoroughly unpleasant, but had I been set up? Walking to the warm, slightly steaming rocks in the ultra-tropical heat, I awaited my strange, multidimensional friend.

Another craft materialised nearby. It did not come from the sky; it simply appeared. Not only that, it did not look as though it could fly, being a large, circular sphere with a hazy spin to it. I knew, clearly, that these were 'the good guys'. Simultaneously, the Wonder-Neap appeared, almost seeming to grow from the air before me, so silent and instantaneous was its arrival.

"You learn faster than anticipated."

The comment was simple enough, but from the Wonder-Neap it was rare praise. I felt good.

The spherical craft now dematerialised, revealing three Blue Beings who regarded me intently. They, too, were humanoid, slightly smaller than I was, with fine, delicate bodies. Their skin was a deep blue, yet it had a translucent clarity very unlike human skin. Whereas the Grey Ones radiated negative energy, to a far greater degree the Blues emanated love and a deep sensitivity.

One of the Blue Beings projected silently: "As you have surmised, you were never in danger. The situation was unexpected, but we utilised it to observe how you would respond. With intuition and intelligence, you acted commendably."

I felt pleased. "I'm amazed that a prehistoric period should

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be so active with nonworldly Beings. Is this usual?"

"Both we and the Grey Ones can accommodate your linear time, appearing in any 'when' that is appropriate. In a greater reality, your past, present and future all occupy the same spherical moment."

"Does that mean I could learn about our future?"

There was a hesitation. "Yes, it is possible, but only as a probability. Nothing in any measure of time is absolute. You would gain more confusion than clarity from such an exercise."

I thought about my next question carefully. "I learned about the Grey Ones by tuning in to them. The fact that you came to assist me suggests you are some kind of cosmic counterbalance?"

"You could say that. The Grey Ones try to negate other Beings. Humanity is not their only target. We seek to support those who focus on their spiritual integrity and love." I saw a whimsical smile on the features of the Blue Being

who was communicating with me. "Generally, the people we aid are unaware of this. We do not manipulate people; we support them with a projected love and inspiration. Unlike the Grey Ones, we do not appear physically in your dimension. Although it is possible, it is extremely uncomfortable."

I grinned. "You're the good guys," I joked.

All three looked amused. "We do not relate to life in terms of good or bad. We are attracted to those Beings who seek to express their greatest potential of unconditional love. The Grey Ones play with shadows. Their own enlightenment is delayed while they play in the darkness of their own negativity. They seek to involve other races in their games of self-deception, thriving on the negative emotions that are invoked. However, they are unable to influence any humans who focus on their spiritual growth. The Grey Ones are not comfortable with Light and Love, as you discovered."

"Were you watching?"

"Watching is not the correct term.

We embraced the situation. We wished to observe how you would behave. We could have altered your reality instantly had there been a need to do so."

"Who are you? Where do you come from?" I asked.

"There are many people on Earth who know of us. It is generally accepted that we come from the Pleiadian group."

"Which is, of course, no answer at all."

"If the memory is not yet there, we deem it wisest not to invoke it. Once before, you had a dream experience of us that proved to be very unsettling. Be patient; allow this knowledge to emerge in natural timing."

During the conversation, the Blue Beings remained grouped together. One of them now touched a small gadget at its waist, and the spinning spherical craft reappeared, enclosing them. Very neat!

Although I could no longer see them, I felt a wave of love moving through my psyche. Silently I heard, "Our love is with you, always."

Just like that, they vanished. ∞